A Dialogue between PHILOMVSVS and MILES.

Lively expressing the horrible Effects of War, and the unspeakable benefit of Peace.

Dulce bellum inexpertis.

By *Richard Garter.*

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To the *Reader* health and happines.

Reader, retire thy selfe a while,
Where private thou mayst be
And read (although in rustick stile)
This Poem pend by me.
For Pan, *and* Coridon *gives light,*
Like Phœbus *now and then;*
So truth shall spring and shine full bright,
From my illiterate pen,
Truth seeks no Trumpet for to sound,
She wants no praise of man:
Good Wine we know, it may be found,
Without a gay Garland.
Briefly therefore, I shall declare,
The scope which I intend,
To shew the genuine fruits of warre,
And Peace with Truth commend.
The Souldier he would fight the field,
Fond Fame for to increase,
Philomusus *doth cause him yield:*
They both conclude in Peace.
Now least this Preface should exceed
(The Booke) and be too great:
No further here, I will proceed,
And now I shut the gate.

Philo-

Philomuſus thus beginneth.

WHat ſuddain winde hath blown you back,
How comes this quick return?
Where are the ſpoyls of warre and wrack?
What ailes thee thus to mourn?

It lik'd thee not to bide at home,
And work from day to day,
But needs (forſooth) you muſt be gone,
A Souldiers part to play.

Philo gives *Miles* a harſh entertainment

Why look'ſt thou thin? why ſhongſt thou ſo?
Why art thou thus arraid?
Do Souldiers in this habit go?
And with ſuch wages paid?

Thou wents from hence in good attire,
And money in thy bag,
But back again thou doſt retire:
Not with one comely rag.

Now for my part, I love not jarres:
God ſend me health and peace,
I take no pleaſure in the warres,
My fortunes to increaſe.

I hope your horneſſe at the firſt,
To follow Souldiers train,
Is cooled now you have no luſt:
In warre to gad again.

Miles thus replyeth.

I Muſt confeſſe, I do repent
Before the time I thought:
And that I have by this attempt,
More loſſe then booty caught.

Miles confesseth his ill successe in the Field. But still gives to warre the due prayse thereof.

Yet blame I not the Warres therefore,
For Warre is such a gaine:
Some that were poore return with store,
Some rich, come home with shame.

As for my losse was small I say,
For (when I went from hence)
I hardly had wherewith to pay
My charges and expence.

Nervus belli pecunia.

And thus I warred in this case,
In joy for hope of pay:
But Coyne was scarce, and Warres did cease:
So home I took my way.

But as for you and all such like,
You flow in wealth at will:
I wonder not that you dislike,
The bloudy Warres so ill.

Your money cannot fight for you,
Can wealth defend the Land?
But such as I, and all my crew:
Must in your quarrels stand.

You do of Souldiers base esteeme,
For we are abjects now:
The time will come, it may be seen:
To Souldiers you may bow.

Philomusus respond.

WEll now I see you like it well,
Still idle to remain:
The more thou stirre, the worse you smell,
The Proverbe speaketh plain.

Philo proceeds in reproving vagrant Souldiers.

An honest man some course will take,
To live upon some Trade:
And as we do our bargain make,
So is our wages paid.

If

If harme thou catch, whose is the blame?
Not his that did thee hire:
For as thou dost thy wages claime,
So men thy work require.

Thou must not think to loyter then,
Most like the idle Drones:
Consuming that which other mens
Have got with painfull groans.

These happy times were in my minde,
When all were well employd;
When hardly one we could not finde,
That idle did abide.

But idle persons now do shift,
Great multitudes do swarme;
Committing murther, whoredome, theft:
And every mortall harme.

One saith, he gladly would take paines,
Yet work he will not seek:
If he one day in work remains,
Will play therefore a week.

Some wrap their legs with clouts and salve,
In corners where they lurk:
But Souldiers chiefly think they have,
A priviledge from work.

Thus vagrant Souldiers go and come,
Untill good Laws take place:
Then some reforme, and other some
Doe die with great disgrace.

And Souldiers do with ill intent;
Set all at five, and nine:
And when your means you have all spent,
All others you respine.

If Souldiers can in warre I say,
All mortall paines embrace,
I nothing doubt but they that may,
As well take paines in peace.

For he that can doe nothing more
But Peascods sheale(they say)
Three quarters of a yeare therefore,
For want of worke must play.

Miles.

WE Souldiers stand in all the strife,
For to defend the Land:
With Pikes and Gunnes, and losse of life,
Your foes we doe withstand.

When we have passed all this harme,
With great distresse and cost,
Some one a Legge, and some an Arme,
And other joynts have lost.

Yet nothing to us will you give,
But poore Nay and delay:
Our wants you will not once relieve,
But we must packe away.

Sometimes a sore or festered wound,
Lame souldiers may protect:
But such as I (whose limbes be sound)
We live still in suspect.

For vagrant persons now we goe,
And scorned here, and there:
So that in warre, with mortall foe,
We live not in such feare.

And when a Souldier would take paines,
His service is refus'd:
But if from labour he refraines,
He must not be excus'd.

If begge, or steale, the Law takes place,
Which way then shall we live?
If steale, (we doe dye with disgrace)
The Law will not forgive.

I thinke

I thinke it better to embrace
The Warre (and purchase Fame)
Than thus to live in time of peace,
In such reproach and shame.

I can with Musquet travise so,
And tosse the tottering Pikes:
I know to skirmish with my foe,
And when I ought to strike.

Hoe well plaid boasting *Thraso*.

I know to spurre the Barbed Horse,
And how to make my Race,
And warily my foes to course,
And valiently them chase.

I can well scale those fenced Walls,
Against which I am sent
I want no skill, when time thus falls,
Ambushments to prevent.

I know to keepe me in array,
To march and to retire:
And take advantage on the day,
When need shall so require.

I skilfull am how every wing,
In order should be plac'd,
For war-like Feasts, in every thing,
I will not be out-fac'd.

These things are hard for Carpet Knights,
Who sleepe in ease and rest:
But Souldiers gaine (though got in fights)
In time of Warre is best.

Philomusus.

OH boasting *Thraso*, I thee heare,
How faine thou wouldst excuse
Thy loytering life; but stay, forbeare,
Thou dost thy selfe abuse.

What

What man ſo mad, or voyd of care,
Or of ſo little wit,
That doth not thinke the warres now are
In time of peace, unfit.

Warre doth diſturbe, and vexe each thing,
And order doth deface;
And doth diſthrone a right borne King
Out of his Regall place.

Warre ſetteth in the ſelfe-ſame Throne,
Uſurpers for to reigne:
The Lords and Peers then grieve and groan,
When Commons all are ſlaine.

The Virgins raviſhed moſt vild,
The new borne Infants dye:
The Father ſees his murther'd child,
As he doth wounded lye.

The Wife lamenting, weeping goeth,
Anon alike doth ſpeed:
And ſtill the murthering ſouldier doth,
In ſhedding blood proceed.

Then fiery flames conſumes the Towne,
When murthering Cannons rore:
The Barbed Horſes trample downe
The fruits of all our ſtore.

And noble ſparkes, in place moſt high
Are then a Souldiers prey,
Some plead for life, ſome deſperately
Doe caſt themſelves away.

Who ſpeedeth beſt hath for his hire
The loſſe of wealth and life:
Moſt ſtately buildings flame with fire,
Whilſt ſwords doe end the ſtrife.

The tattering Terrets ſhake with ſhot,
The battered Bulwarkes breake:
Hall, Church, nor Temple, ſtandeth not,
Our ſtrength is then too weak.

Thus

Thus raging rigour, rules the roste,
Rash ruine ridd'eth all :
Yet thou of warre durst brag and boast
As if our losse were small.

To this intent, example take,
Of Souldiers lewdnesse great:
That I may prove these words I speak,
I briefly shall repeat.

A Tragedie of Souldiers art,
Most worthy of all blame:
Both for the terrour of the fact,
And authours of the same.

The Country, place, and parties name,
I nominate will not:
Because that Christians did the same,
But Christ they clean forgot.

A sad tragicall Relation.

A Captain had (I say agen)
Obtain'd at Princes hand,
For to conduct a Band of men,
Into an other Land.

And marching on approached neere,
Unto a Peasants Farme:
(For so they terme the Yeomans there,)
This yeoman thought no harme.

But (as he durst not contrary,
So did he entertain
The Captain with all courtesie:
The Souldiers did remain.

Within a Village joyning neere,
The Captain one night
With other Souldiers he had there,
As after you shall see.

Who lodged at this Yeomans house,
Who feasted them with store:
That he might still prevent abuse,
Was carefull evermore.

This Host three comely Daughters had,
The eldest was most faire:
Which made the Captain almost mad;
His lust was set on fire.

Her fore-head high, did register,
Her feature men adored:
There was not one, like unto her,
Like *Venus* so adorned.

Her Crimson cheeks, and Christall eyes,
Her lips, like Cherries red:
Her words right sober, grave, and wise;
Her haire like golden thred:

Queen Dido. *Venus* with her could not compare,
Which won the golden Ball:
Nor *Dido*, that sweet Lady faire,
Who had the love of all.

Her voyce did sing melodiously,
To such as did her heare;
That all which heard her harmony,
Their drooping hearts did cheare.

Much further yet I could proceed,
Nature did thus adorne:
You may in her love-lines still read;
Shee did all basenesse scorne.

If outward parts like starres did shine,
Which men did plainly see;
Doubtlesse her soule was most divine,
(I judge in charity.)

The estate of those places that are vext with Warre. The Captaines Lust this did remove,
With furious fiery flashes:
He bidding honestly adiew,
Then snatcht her in his armes.

This

This luſtfull Captain would not ſtay.
This Virgin to intreat:
But hayling her, by force away,
I bluſh this to repeat.

The Devill on this Leatcher egge,
He throws her on a bed:
Some (of his Souldiers held her lege,
Her armes, and ſome her head.

Whilſt he commited villany.
To feed his luſtfull will;
In vain ſhe ſcreeks, lament and cry,
None could prevent her ill.

This being done, he jeeres her too,
I will omit to ſhew,
What bloody teares, and throbs alſo:
Did from this Raviſh'd flow.

Then did ſhe ſeek to revenge it,
And thereto was ſhe bent,
Behold alſo: how time did hit,
To further her intent.

She ſnatching up a Knife which he,
(Had lefe upon the board)
Then ſuddenly to him ſtept ſhe:
And to the heart him goard.

Stone dead he ſinketh down that day.
The reſt were in a Maze:
But ſhe did ſtart aſide whilſt they,
Vpon the corps did gaze.

She told her father what was done,
And forthwith fled away:
Alas ſhe knew not where to run,
But to the Lord did pray.

Deſiring rather death, then life:
And then report was brought,
Vnto the Souldiers of that ſtrife,
And who that fact had wrought.

The Soulpiers run as they were wilde,
Untill they had her found:
She being caught, these Tyrants vilde,
Fast to a Tree her bound.

The Souldiers then disdanged there,
At her their thundring shot:
So that their bullets left in her,
Not one free place or spot.

Thus dyde this peerlesse Paragon,
For whose death we may grieve:
The like to her I know not one,
That do amongst us live.

I must bewaile the female sexe,
And wish they may amend:
But yet the Captain did her vexe,
And first the Law offend.

In this unhappy Tragedy,
There many more were slain:
The Yeomans house they did destroy,
Who did them entertain.

This is your warlike lawdable skill,
This is the Souldiers trade:
Who having got the reynes at will,
Run mad like Colts unmade.

Consuming all; and laying waste,
Always both night and day:
And rushing head-long at the last,
Into their own decay.

Miles Respond.

AND what of this? though some do ill,
Will you condemn the rest?
As if mens bloud, onely to spill,
A Souldier thus were prest.

Nay,

Nay, (by a Souldiers troth I sweare)
Our Discipline is such:
That now in peace, amongst you here,
You use not halfe so much.

Philomusus.

ALL Souldiers not condemned are,
But some we must commend;
Who prudently (by lawfull Warre)
The Common-weale defend.

Vbi non est bellum, ibi pax perversa.

But better were it, without doubt,
(If God so pleas'd would be)
That there peace the World throughout,
Withall of each degree.

Miles.

I Do confesse it may be said,
That (peace with truth is sweet)
But circumstances duely wai'd,
Warre sometimes is as meet.

You speak disdainfull of Warre now,
I say to you again,
In time of peace more mischiefe flow,
Then do in Warre remain.

First know, that peace doth plenty cause,
From plenty still proceeds;
The hurtfull breach of all good Lawes;
Prosperities now breeds.

As Whoredome, Pride, and Lechery,
In time of peace are rife:
Contempt of God and man alway,
With gluttony and strife.

If Souldiers in the Warre do ſpoyle,
The Miſer for his gold:
In peace the Rich, the poore do foyle,
Much more a thouſand fold.

In Warre by ſword, ſometimes we die,
And then is peace begun:
But poore men are by Uſury,
In time of peace undone.

In Warre the Victor ſhews mercy,
Unto his yielding foe;
In peace the debtor loud doth cry,
Yet to Gaole muſt goe.

In Warre hard lodging, mean attire,
And homely *Joans* men uſe:
In peace all theſe with fond deſire,
Moſt proudly fools abuſe.

In Warre the preſence of our foes,
A view of death doth give:
In peace your folly you diſcloſe,
And dreame you ſhall ſtill live.

In time of peace true Juſtice ſure,
With moſt can beare no ſway;
Yet ſuch great feare Warre doth procure:
It chaſeth vice away.

If that the cauſe of Warre be good,
The end then proveth ſo:
If not; our ſins, they have withſtood,
Vice is our greateſt foe.

Philomuſus.

ALas, poore ſilly ſimple man,
What, are thy wits thine own?
Thou ſpeakeſt much, but little can,
To good effect be ſhowne.

And

And ſure I am of this always,
'Tis hard for one to take:
From peace, her due deſerved prayſe,
Or good of ill to make.

Thou ſaiſt peace breeds plentiouſneſſe
That freely I confeſſe:
But (ſaying ſtore breeds idleneſſe)
Therein thou do'ſt digreſſe.

Wine is not drunken of it ſelf,
Though Drunkards it abuſe:
Nor idleneſſe proceeds from pelfe,
Though ſome it lewdly vſe.

Nowe Judge thyſelf whether that man,
In idleneſſe doth reſt,
When he doth labour what he can:
Of ſtore to be poſſeſt.

Or he that hath not wherewithall,
His empty maw to feed;
With tooth and naile, and hand doth hall,
For to ſupply his need.

We live in peace, with what we got,
You live in Warre, and want:
It doth appeare, we loyter not:
But you in worke are ſcant.

If you more idle did not live,
In warre then we in peace:
You freely would to others give,
And not their goods decreaſe.

Plenty breeds not idleneſſe, but the abuſe thereof.

You ſay there are of vices ſwarms,
In peace and plenty now;
But I conceale a thouſand harms,
From bloudy warres that flow.

I rather plough, and ſow in field,
With ſweat to get my bread:
Then in the Warres with golden ſhield,
A Troop of Horſes lead.

O noble, *Athens*, hadst thou used,
Dame *Pallas* gift aright:
Thy walls had then not been abus'd,
But still had stood in sight.

Before the walls were raised above,
And ere the Town had name;
Or God *Neptune* with *Pallas* strove:
For honour of the same.

Neptunus *est Deus Maris, vel Mare ipsum.*

Their strife was this: first *Neptune* smote,
A Rock with Trident Mace:
From whence a warlike Horse did trot,
Well harnessed in that place.

Then *Pallas* smote the ground most free,
With Javelin she did beare:
From whence a fresh, green Olive Tree,
Did presently appeare.

The warlike Horse did represent,
In warre most good successe:
The Olive Tree: did with consent,
To *Athens* peace expresse.

Then wisely *Athens* took their course,
In one they did agree:
Forsaking *Neptunes* armed Horse,
They choosed *Pallas* Tree.

If they fore-seeing victory,
Did rather seek for peace,
How much more then ought we then they,
From doubtfull wars to cease?

Now Souldiers leave Tou-to-lo-gie,
If men in peace do wrong:
Good Laws have now free liberty,
To punish them ere long.

Miles.

Miles.

BVt by your leave I am not mad;
My wits are not yet flowne,
I doe not make a good thing bad,
Nor speake of things unknowne.

Epe-mi num-das doth report,
That under Cloak of peace,
(Vice vaunteth out, with pompe and port)
But vertue doth encrease.

Sodom and *Gomor*, in the plaine,
With divers Cities more;
There did not one of them remaine
(But onely little *Zoar*.)

Gen. 19.

These liv'd in peace, and fond defire,
Fearing no warre at all:
Till from the Lord Brimstone and fire,
Did downe upon them fall.

When did *Darius* Kingdomes jarre,
Who *Asia* all possest?
But when he was unarm'd for warre,
And gave himselfe to rest.

Security and sloth are forerunners of destruction.

You trim your selves in Peacocks plumes,
Sporting in *Venus* Court:
You are besmear'd with sweet perfumes,
And use each wanton sport.

A Helmet hides your handsome face,
Oh take heed of a Gunne;
Your Mistris you cannot embrace,
If *Mars* his course you runne.

You are foole bent, with fond intent,
To dance in *Venus* string;
To all delights you are extreme,
All care away you fling.

What did you never heare this truth,
What stories do report?
Of *Hercules*; how in his youth
There did to him resort,

Two Ladies, one a dainty dame,
In stately Robes bedad,
The other plain of Natures frame,
These found the yongster sad.

To *Hercules* these females came,
But one with wanton tricks,
The other vnto right for fame,
His youthfull courage pricks.

But *Hercules* he did detect,
The first; and all she said,
Vnto the second Ladies best
He during life obeyed.

By *Hercules* his choice and fate,
We easily may gesse;
That peace makes men effeminate,
Which Warre will soon suppresse.

Philomusus.

NOw *Tully* doth preferre ill peace,
Before a most iust Warre:
Therefore when Fooles teach the Grecie,
Great danger is not farre.

For *Pius Anthonius* said,
I better like of peace
Then other Kingdomes to invade;
My glory to increase.

And *Andronicus* also said,
He rather would diuide
Small bounds in peace, then make wide
To conquer Kingdomes, pride.

For Warr that changeth peace (I say)
Is like a harebrain Colt;
That leaves the plain and beaten way,
Ore Hedge and Ditch to bolt.

Not peace, but the abuse of peace,
Gods anger doth provoke;
When *Sodome* did her sin increase,
Gods wrath on them did smoake.

The abuse takes not away the use.

I say not but that wisdome would,
In peace we should prepare
Against our foes, alwayes we should,
Still have a watchfull care.

I wish our ships may multiply,
And in our Havens ride,
And that we may both farre and nigh,
Artillery provide.

I wish our youth with Marshall straine,
May train in every place;
By means hereof, we may attaine,
Great skill in little space.

Miles.

INdeed your words I understand,
But oh how brave a thing,
It is when fame in every land,
Our valiant Prowesse ring.

But heare me now, I tell you what,
To this you needs must yield,
No fame can be compar'd with that,
That is obtain'd in field.

Thus fame doth stump them we daily see,
Who do all Warre deride;
Such do condemne the Eagles grace,
And praise the Peacocks pride.

Philomusus.

THou seemest to have a valiant heart,
Thou countst of blood but light:
Consider thou a Christian art,
And they that with thee fight
Are Christians too aswell as wee.
What should there be more said?
In Truth, and Peace, we must agree:
As members of one head.

The Heathen they were still at odds,
God was to them unknown;
And every man, ador'd his gods,
Or Idols of his own.

But Christians have one God most good:
That God we worship in.
Know thou, that shedding Christians blood,
Is not a trespasse small.

Lucre of gain did move their hands,
To Warre, and bloody Rage;
For quarrels small on forreigne Lands,
Ungodly Warres do wage.

Indeed your Romans did excell
But oh how brave a thing;
It is when Christians do rebell
Our valiant Prowesse bring
Did first their pride confound.

Where is the *Persian Monarch* now?
And *Roman* Empire quite?
And *Thesius*, that valiant one?
And *Hercules* beside?

Thus fame doth crown
Which I omit to name,
Did hazard life, and all their store,
To follow fleeting fame.

What can you say, now of these men,
That shed of blood such store?
For, take away the cause, and then;
Their fame remayns no more.

Yet such as you (as *Tully* says)
That nothing have to lose;
Are forward still in brawles and frayes,
For then your profit grows.

Hee that hath nothing of his own, would have all things common.

In troubled waters you may fish;
Not waying others wracks;
For blood and Warre, you ever wish,
To satisfie your lack.

And now (my friend) since that our King,
And Countrey rest in peace,
Forbeare to strike this jarring string,
From blood and brawls now cease.

But when by Law thou shalt be preft,
Obey the King alway;
Then thou shalt have my wishes best;
That thou maist winne the day.

Miles.

YOur words with me do now prevaile,
And this I adde beside,
In vain the shipman hoyts his Saile;
Against both Winde and Tyde.

And now I see you partly yield,
To *Mars* his honour right;
True fame obtained is in field;
When Souldiers bravely fight.

Phila-

Philomusus.

I Say (indeed) that Fame always,
In lawfull Warre is good:
And worthy prayse (if otherwise,
It may not be withstood.)

But all those Kings I more prayse yet,
That rule in peace aright:
Then such as have a pregnant wit,
Against their foes to fight.

To this *Cicero* is not wrong,
Who says let weapons yield
To men in Gowns that use the tongue,
Resigne the conquered field.

Romulus *primus rex Romanorum.*
Though *Romulus* fought valiantly,
As *Rome* can witnesse well;
Yet *Numa* (ruling quietly)
Did *Romulus* excell.

Numa Pomphilius *vir Sabinus Romanorum rex, secundus à* Romulo.
But lo, what need I rove to *Rome*?
To fetch examples farre
Great peace we do enjoy at home;
And are not vext with Warre.

(Lord) blesse King *Charles* with peace & health,
And still preserve his Grace;
With *Nestors* age, and *Crœsus* wealth
To rule in Regall place.

Give to thy Gospell passage free,
To flourish every where,
Make Christians all in Faith agree;
In *Europe* farre, and neere.

The fertile earth by tillage all,
Re-yields in time her store:
Each fruitfull thing of moment small,
Doth prosper daily more.

We nothing want (if Grace we have)
To be in heart content
With thankfulneſſe for to receive,
Thoſe gifts which God hath ſent.

Religion here is grounded pure,
Like *England*, now no Coaſt
Throughout the boundes of *Europe* ſure,
Hereof, like us may boaſt.

For Diſciplines like ancient *Rome*;
For wiſe, brave men of might:
A *Thebes* for wealth: wee are become,
Corinth and *Athens* right.

Our King doth prize his people high,
Their goods, and lives, always:
And all true ſubjects willingly,
His Highneſſe do obey.

Both Prince and Peeres with noble traine
With ſolid Counſels ſage,
Do ſeem, for to renew again
The former golden Age.

Foule crimes, we ſee, now puniſh'd be,
And good men have reward:
Now Juſtice hath no cloth degree,
Of Judgement true regard.

O happy Realme, King *Charles* happy,
O happy ſubjects all:
O that we knew how happily:
Our happineſſe doth fall.

Then ſhould we highly prize the Reigne,
Of our Renowned King:
With melody and mirth ſing we,
Our Muſes thus would ſing.

Our King, with Kingly Majeſty, *Soldier.*
And other vertues rare,
(Wherein he is beloved full high,
His Grace we may compare.

You

You that with Envy do corrode,
Like grisly *Gorgons* fell
With tumours great like *Ægypt* Toade,
In poysoned Malice swell.

Gorgonius: So Rammish and Goat-like do all Hereticks, and Schimaticks smell.

Will you to Hell your selves engage?
Know God will work his will:
Not spightfull *Saul* for all his rage,
Could good King *David* kill.

Your spight is spide, your knots are known,
Your secrets are bewrayde:
And God upon your plots hath blowne,
Your selves you have betraide.

The like successe God grant to those,
That wish King *Charles* ill:
(O God) prevent our mortall foes,
Thy Church oh prosper still.

Thy Tents how goodly garnisht be,
Great *Britaine* greatly grac'st:
No Nation can compare with thee;
Great priviledge thou hast.

Had I the learned *Homers* strain,
Or *Virgils* stately speech:
If *Tullies* tongue I could obtain,
Thy prayse I should impeach.

Therefore in silence leave I will,
Thy full flourishing fame:
To wiser wits, and learned quills,
To publish forth the same.

An Ivy-bush is hung in vain,
Where good Wine is to sell:
Here now I shall my selfe contain,
And still thus pray I will.

(O Lord) with walls of brass [illegible],
Environ *Britain* round,
When all the World shall be adrad like,
Prayse shall to God resound.

Thus

Thus to my purpose, now I come,
From which I have digrest,
(Brave Souldier) this shall be the summe:
Leave Warre, and live at rest.

Enjoy those fruits of Peace that fall
I will relieve thy lack:
This money take, and therewithall,
Buy rayment for thy back.

Philo. hath not a long tongue and a short hand.

If thou didst know, that small increase,
Which other Nations taste,
Then wouldst thou more esteeme of peace,
And make to Warre lesse haste,

Now whilst this peace we do behold,
Let us extoll the name
With heart, and voice, still as we should,
Thus prayse, and laud Gods Name.

And render to our famous King,
Such firme Allegeance true,
Those fruits the Gospell forth doth bring:
From faithfull subjects due.

Miles returneth thanks to *Philomusus*.

FOr this great love to me you shew,
Most hearty thanks I give:
I purpose still to pray for you,
Whilst here on earth I live.

(Good sir) let not my misery,
Offensive be a whit,
Too bold behav'd myselfe here I,
My ignorance remit.

Your counsell now I do embrace,
(As reason doth require)
And that the Lord would give me grace,
The same I must desire.

I with good Warre may prolong well
With triumph and increase
To subdue all that do rebell
Against our King of peace

As God hath blest his peacefull Raigne
Those yeares, already past
Oh still let him and his remayne
In peace that aye shall last

And now in grand, which hee hath given,
I shall be ready prest
To peace and Warre, my selfe will give,
In Warre to do my best.

Philomusus concludeth.

I Like thy resolution well,
Thereto I doe agree
Let thou and I together dwell
We both as one will live.

FINIS.